



*Mrs Bountiful taking Goody Goosecap from
among the Charity Children.*



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among the Charity Children.*

C. Muriel
THE
ORPHAN, ⁷⁴
OR, THE
ENTERTAINING HISTORY
OF
LITTLE GOODY GOOSECAP.
CONTAINING A
VARIETY of ADVENTURES
CALCULATED TO
AMUSE and INSTRUCT
THE
LILLIPUTIAN WORLD.

By TOBY TEACHEM. K

*While Goody Goosecap we pursue,
Let's strive to imitate her too.*

L O N D O N:
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Country.

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OF THE
 ENTERTAINING HISTORY
 OF
 LITTLE GOOSEY COAST
 VARIETY OF ADVENTURES
 CONTAINED IN
 THE
 TOURIST'S INSTRUCTIONS



Printed by J. G. ...
 ...
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T H E
ENTERTAINING HISTORY
O F
Little Goody Goosecap.

C H A P. I.

*Containing some Account of her Family, and
other Matters necessary for the Reader to
know.*

THE parents of this little Lady, whose history we are going to relate, were people of a small independent fortune, and lived retired near a little town, in the North of *England*; they were happy in every thing but one,—that of having no child.

But that blessing was, though late, granted, and *Little Goosecap* made her appearance in the world to the great joy of her parents; yet here they were in some measure disappointed, as their hopes

were fixed upon a boy; however, their good sense made them contented with what Providence had bestowed on them: She was christened after her mother, whose name was *Frances*.

Little *Fanny* grew every day in strength and beauty, so that she was the delight of all who saw her.

She was now two years of age, (see here she is) she could waddle about,



and talk pretty plainly, and would instantly repeat whatever was said to her, by which means she gained the name she was afterwards known by. Her nurse
used

used often to be saying to her, *Ah! you Goosecap.* She soon caught the word, and repeated it to every body, crying, *Ah! you Goosecap.* So that when she went to school, being of a very dexterous turn, her companions used to call her *Little Goody Goosecap*; which name she afterwards went by. And let every little girl remember, that she was as good as she was pretty. She never fell out with her bread and butter, or cried, unless a pin pricked her, or something gave her pain. She never was known to be in the pouts; for sullenness is a sad thing in a child, and if not curbed in time, may prove of very bad consequence, and is, indeed, very often destructive to happiness, and hurtful to others; little folks should be cured of it as early as possible, as young minds, it has been observed, are like wax, ready to take any impression, either good or bad, according to that saying of the poet,

Just as the twig is bent the tree inclines.

Goody Goosecap was now about four years of age, when a fatal stroke put an end to her future prospects, this was no other than the death of her parents. She was

was too young to be truly sensible of the loss; but used afterwards to cry at the thoughts of her Daddy and Mammy's being in the pit-hole.

These worthy people, whose name was *Fairchild*, had caught a disorder which was then rife, and died the same day, and were buried in the same grave, over which was this short epitaph:

Here lies a kind and loving pair,
The paths of virtue still they trod :
Their souls are gone that bliss to share,
The good may still expect from God.

Mr *Fairchild* left his own brother executor and guardian to little *Fanny*, to whom he left his small fortune, which was sufficient to settle her decently when she came of age. But this unnatural uncle soon sold the estate, under a pretence of putting the money in the stocks for his niece's portion, as he said he was obliged to go abroad; and so he did, and took every penny along with him, and left little *Goosecap* with the old nurse, but, through distress, at last she was obliged to go to the parish; but *Goosecap* bore it with wonderful patience; and patience
is

GOODY GOOSECAP. 11

is a most necessary virtue, for as the high may fall, and the low may rise, patience enables us to bear every misfortune, and converts even adversity into a blessing. Here she is in her parish dress.



Goody Goosecap was sent to a variety of schools, where she distinguished herself by her good qualities. She worked very pretty with her needle, read extremely well, and could sing a hymn better than any girl in the school. As she was now advanced to a higher form, she was appointed to instruct the younger children, which she did in a very extraordinary manner

manner for one of her years. In order to teach the little ones their A, B, C, she made use of the following method, invented by her father for her when she was very young; it was an alphabet in verse, and it is set down for the amusement and instruction of others.

A New invented ALPHABET.

A

Was an Angler, who fish'd in a brook.

B

Was a Blockhead, who ne'er learn'd his book.

C

Was a Captain, a very bold man.

D

Was a Drunkard say all that you can.

E

Was an Eagle, which soar'd to the sky.

F

Faithful and Honest, who ne'er told a lie.

G Was

G

Was a Goose, and cackled all day.

H

'Tis well known, was a maker of Hay.

I

Kept an Inn, where people might dine.

J

Was a Jack-daw, and serv'd for the figns

K

Knowledge had long made his study and care.

L

Learned his Book, and came in for a share.

M

A Musician, and very well known.

N

Nonsense, you'll find it in ev'ry town.

O

Was an Orange, brought over from *Spain*

B

P Was

P

Was a Parson, the word to explain.

Q

Was a Quaken, so stiff and so prim.

R

Was a Rogue, who made game of him.

S

Always was Sober, as ev'ry one should.

T

Was a Turnip, both wholesome and good.

V

Was a Village, and fair to behold.

U

Was a Ufurer, wretched and old.

W

Was a Weather-cock, mov'd by the wind.

X

Was King Xerxes, in story we find.

Y Was

Y
Was a Youth, both saucy and bold.

Z
Was Zenocles so famed of old.

Whoever this Alphabet strives right to learn,
A piece of plumb-cake and a farthing shall earn;
But those who neglect, nor to learn it take care,
Shall be jeer'd and despis'd like the Dunce you see
here.



Goody Goosecap was very successful with
her little scholars, who were fond of their
young governess. It was now the time
B 2 when

when the yearly sermon was preached for the benefit of the charity, on which occasion there is always a hymn sung by the children, and as this was a time which happened very lucky to little *Goody Goosecap*, it will not be amiss to insert the hymn which was then performed.

H Y M N.

I.

TO Thee, great Ruler of the ball,
 Father of earth, and air, and sea;
 To thee, with humble hopes we call,
 And lift our infant hands to thee.

II.

From eve to morn, from morn to night,
 Be thou our guardian and our guide;
 To seek thy will, be our delight,
 To praise thy name, be all our pride.

III.

For thou beheld'st our deep distress,
 In kindness bade thy mercies flow;
 The hand of charity to bless,
 The heart of pity to bestow.

IV.

Hence do our minds enlighten'd rise,
 Thro' thy munificence and love;
 We strive to gain the promis'd skies,
 And share with *Christ* each bliss above.

Thy

V.

Thy kindness still to us extend,
And while we thus our voices raise,
May every helpless Orphan's friend
Accept the tribute of our praise.

VI.

To them, O! let thy mercies flow,
In every blessing let them share;
Still make them able to bestow,
And still regard our humble pray'r.

It happened that Mrs *Bountiful*, a widow gentlewoman, who lived just by, was at church; as she generally was a strict attendant on her devotion, and never missed an opportunity of assisting in any charitable affair, she took particular notice of *Goody Goosecap's* decent deportment, and her manner of singing the foregoing hymn. When the service was over, and the girls walked two and two before their governess, she took an opportunity of enquiring who that child was which had given her so much pleasure? The governess, after making a low curtesy to Mrs *Bountiful*, desired she would shew her which it was, as she did not know

rightly which she meant. The children were ordered to pass by her, and when little *Goosecap* came she took her by the hand, and asked her what her name was? to which she very simply replied.—*Goody Goosecap*.

Mrs *Bountiful* smiled, and enquired of the Governess if that was her real name, and was informed it was not, but that her real one was *Fanny Fairchild*, and moreover, that she was the daughter of a very worthy Gentleman, who was dead, as was likewise her mother; and that her uncle, who was her guardian, had deserted her, and left her to the parish. Mrs *Bountiful* shed tears when she heard this, as she knew her parents very well, and had a great regard for their memories. Well, said she, should you like to live with me, and I will be your mother? Yes, thank you, Madam, said *Goody Goosecap*. Well then, said Mrs *Bountiful*, I will send for you to-morrow. And she was as good as her word. She soon put off the charity-school cloaths, and dressed her more suitable to her birth, and sent her to a general day-school just by, where there was a number of other little girls went, Mrs *Bountiful* desired
her



her to call her Mamma, and if she was a good girl, she would be as kind to her as if she was her own child. It seems this good Gentlewoman never had a daughter, and had only one son living, who was gone to the *East Indies* with a relation. *Fanny* was not a little pleased with this good fortune; and to speak the truth of her, she behaved so well, that she merited the greatest encouragement: She improved daily in every kind of learning she was put to, was an excellent hand at her needle, and every thing she did gave great satisfaction to her kind patroness.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

Containing a farther Account of Goody Goosecap and her School-fellows, and an unlucky Accident.

GOODY GOOSECAP was now as happy as heart could wish. She was no longer deemed a poor Orphan and a Parish child, but the adopted daughter of the good Mrs *Bountiful*, a person whose character was known all over the country for one of the best of women.

One afternoon, when little *Goosecap* had done her task at school, both in reading and at needle-work, in a surprising manner for one of her age, her Mamma, to encourage her, gave her leave to walk in the garden near the house.

She, with a heart full of pleasure, went jumping and skipping along. As she passed by the side of the hedge she saw some very pretty flowers growing, and thought she could reach them, and make herself a nosegay; but, unfortunately, reaching for some that hung over a ditch, in she fell, and was covered over with water all but her head.

She

She screamed out as she fell in, and it luckily happened that Miss *Sally Scramble* and her maid were walking to pick butter-flowers and daisies, they ran to the place, and soon knew who she was, because she wore a goose's feather in her cap, as she always did when she was at play.

The maid with some difficulty pulled her out, and carried her home in her arms. Her Mamma was sadly terrified at seeing her in such a condition, and stripping off her cloaths, put her to bed.

When she had recovered her fright a little so as to be able to speak, her Mamma asked her how the affair happened? Poor *Goody Goosecap* told the truth, as she always did, which every body used to commend her for. When she had done, she cried and sobbed again at remembrance of it, and begged her Mamma's pardon for being so giddy.

Her Mamma kissed her, and bid her not cry any more, but thank God for preserving her. She told her she did not blame her for being fond of these weeds, as every one must confess there were many beautiful colours among them; but that she

she should have asked somebody to pluck them for her.

Next day, when *Goody Gooscap* went to school, one of her school-fellows, who was a very pretty girl, and good besides, asked her how she did after her fright? and said, she hoped she had said her prayers to thank God for her preservation; for, continued she, even my cat, which is but a brute, was thankful to those who saved him. I will tell you how it was, my dear. Last night our old Tom Puss fell into the well, which is very deep; we heard him cry a great while, but could not tell where he was; at last we found he was in the well, so my Papa, who was always very fond of him, as he had had him twelve years, got a man to go down in the bucket with a candle and lanthorn in his hand, where he found the poor creature clinging to the bricks; he took him out, and brought him into the house almost dead; they laid him by the fire and dried him; but had you seen him when he came to himself, he jumped upon my Papa's knee, and purred out his thanks to every one round: When we go home I will shew you what a handsome cat

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cat it is, and as fat as a lamb. Accordingly *Goody Goosecap* went with her; and if you please you may see him.



Now I would not have my little readers imagine that these young Ladies made a practice of talking at school, instead of minding their work; no, no; but this was an extraordinary affair; for Miss *Goody Goosecap* was working herself a very curious pocket, with silk of all colours; there were roses, carnations, and lillies, naturally drawn, and finely shaded, and her Mamma had promised her, when she had done it, she would make her a present

present of a set of Mr Publisher's books for children; now, though she was never very idle, and would have done it without any reward, yet the thoughts of those pretty entertaining books spurred her on.

Her companion and school fellow, whose name was Miss *Grace Goodman*, was working a Sampler, at the bottom of which was to be two verses, which I will repeat to you, as they are very prettily adapted to a young mind.

Oh! Child most dear,
Incline thy ear,
And hearken to God's voice;
His council take,
For that does make,
His saints for to rejoice.

Be not like those,
Who grace oppose,
And give their minds to play;
But let your mind,
Be well inclin'd
In seeking wisdom's way.

This good little girl had lost her *Mamma* when she was quite an infant, and her *Papa*, instead of marrying again, had taken a widow into the house, to assist in
bring-

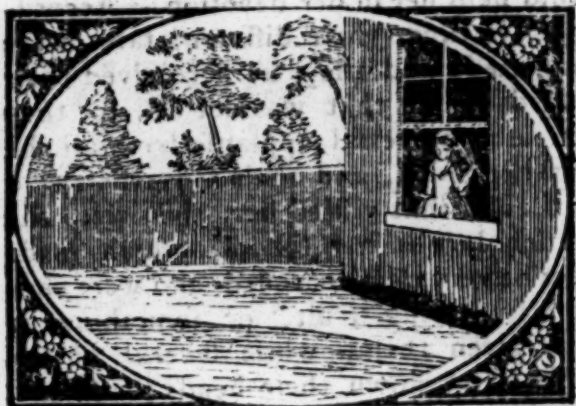
bringing her up, as he knew it was necessary to have a woman's help, though he himself took the greatest care of her education.

As Miss *Grace* had told her Papa and her Nurse (as she called the good woman) what encouragement Miss *Goody Goosecap* was to have when she had done her pocket, they promised her she should have a fine gilt Prayer Book to carry to Church with her. This she was very proud of, not because it would make her look like a woman, so much as that it would help her in her devotion. Accordingly, in time, their different tasks were completed, and they both received their rewards; but that was not all, for they met with universal applause from all the neighbourhood, and their Governess told the Ladies that visited her, they were the best scholars in her school, which made them be very much caressed, and were continually having fruit, or something or other given them, while several of the Misses hung down their heads for shame, and in particular Miss *Sally Scramble*, who was the greatest dunce of all, and minded nothing but hoity-toitying about,

C

and

and had nothing but play in her head, she could hardly tell her letters, and as to her work, she had got a coarse Sampler to learn on, but had so soiled it, and broke the threads with picking out, that it was quite spoiled. When her Mamma heard of it she sent to her Governess, and desired she would put her on the fool's cap and bells; which, indeed, she very well deserved. So her Mistress set her up in the window with it on her head, and a bunch of rods in her hand, where she stood till school was done, to her



great mortification; for it happened that several Ladies and Gentlemen passed by the

house, who, when they saw her stand in that ridiculous posture, could not help laughing at her, and at the same time gave some fine ripe cherries to Miss *Goody Goosecap* and Miss *Grace Goodman*, who were standing at the door; but they agreed to keep their fruit till they went home, for fear it should make their fingers sticky; however, as soon as it was pulled off, and she got home, she went to her play again, without once reflecting on the scandalous name she had left behind her.

To be sure it is proper for children to have some recreation, otherwise, as the old adage says, *All work and no play, will make Jack a dull boy*; therefore, when their school hours are over, they ought to be indulged in some innocent amusement, such as will not tear their cloaths, or over heat their blood, but such as will give them health as well as spirits.

Next day when Miss *Sally* went to school, and happened to cast her eye on the fool's cap, she began to recollect her disgrace, and a thought came into her head which she intended to execute the first opportunity. And she had one soon

after; for her Governess going out of the room, she very artfully seized the cap, and craming it into her pocket, went into the garden, where, with her scissars, she cut it all to pieces, and hid it in the mould under a rose-bush, the bells she put into her pocket, to play with; when she had done this trick, in she went, and making a curtsy, sat down in her place. She thought herself safe now, and that she should never undergo that shame any more, but never remembered her fingers were dirty with the mould; however, the Miss that sat next her took notice, which the Governess overheard, and asked her, in a sharp manner, how her hands came so dirty? Miss *Sally* blushed, and had not a word to say for herself, which made it appear she was some how or other guilty of what she should not. The Governess took her into close examination, when she confessed the truth; she shewed where the cap was hid, but was very unwilling to part with the bells: The Governess could hardly help smiling at the artful manner she had taken to destroy her enemy, however, she put on a look of severity, and told her, she

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she should be confined till she had sent for her Mamma, to consider what punishment should be inflicted on her for stealing; she was accordingly shut in a dark closet, terrified out of her wits almost.

When her Mamma came, and had heard the accusation, she went with the Governess to the closet; poor *Sally* immediately threw herself on her knees before them, and with tears and sobs protested she was innocent of stealing, for that she never did, nor never would, take a pin away from any body, but that she did it to get rid of that odious cap; but, continued she, folding her hands together, if you will please to pardon me, I will promise never to be guilty of any thing amiss, but that I will try to learn to read and work as well as any other Miss.

Her Mamma and Governess both forgave her, and said, if she would keep her promise she should want for no encouragement.

She began from that day to apply herself very closely to her needle-work; she worked ruffles, aprons, and handkerchiefs, and beside all these, embroidered

herself a very handsome sack and petticoat. She was not less assiduous with respect to learning; she took much pains with her reading, and wrote a very fine hand; to say all in a few words, she in a short time became a very pretty scholar. Here she is;



Thus my little readers may see, by the example of *Miss Sally Scramble*, how possible it is to grow good, if they will but take pains to become so; for, according to the old proverb, "Where there is a will there is a way."

C H A P. III.

Containing Mrs Bountiful's Journey to London, and how Goody Goosecap was delighted with what she saw.

MRS Bountiful having some affairs to transact at London, was determined to take Fanny with her, as she grew more fond of her than ever. She was about thirteen years old, and a fine girl she was of her age; besides, what she had learned at school, she had her taught music and dancing at home. Fanny was charmed with the thoughts of seeing London, as she believed, like many others, that were older than herself, that the streets were paved with gold. She took leave of her Governess and School-fellows, who were all very sorry to part with her, and after necessary preparations set out with her adopted Mamma. They arrived there safely, and Mrs Bountiful went to the person's house, with whom she had business: It was a Merchant in the city, who with his wife, were very glad to see her, and desired her to make use of an apartment in their house during her stay in London,

London, which she accepted. It being the height of summer, Mrs *Bountiful* went with the Merchant and his wife to *Vauxhall*, and took *Fanny* with her, who was ready to jump out of her skin for joy. She run about the gardens, crying out, Ah! dear Mamma, what fine pictures are here! Mrs *Bountiful* could hardly restrain her, but said, with a smile, Why, *Fanny*, I thought you had left off being *Little Goudy Goosecap*, you must behave with more decorum here child. *Fanny* begged her Mamma pardon, but said she never was in such a fine place in her life, and that she was almost out of her wits.

What a pity it is, said Mrs *Bountiful* to the Merchant's Lady, that nature must be restrained in a young mind, when it is innocent and free from blame, to be obliged to be tied down to rules; but, my dear, you must not shew the pleasure you feel when you are in a polite assembly, for fear of being ridiculed by the rest of the young Ladies in the gardens, who would make no scruple of calling you a *Little Country Dowdy*.

After this Miss *Fanny* walked between her Mamma and the Merchant's Lady in

a very genteel manner; when they were tired they sat down, and had a little repast, in which cakes and tarts were not forgot. When the songs were over, and the company began to depart, they got into the coach that waited for them, and returned home.

Next day Mrs *Bountiful* took *Fanny* to see *Westminster-Abbey*, where they were shewn the Wax-work, and many fine Monuments; in short, not a day passed without the pleasure of seeing something curious. In about a month, Mrs *Bountiful* having finished her business, returned into the country again, and the Sunday following Miss *Fanny* was dressed in the most fashionable manner, as her Mamma had every thing made at *London*. She

had



had likewise a little gold watch hung by her side, which was made a present of to her by the Merchant's Lady, in recompence for Miss Fanny's working some childrens caps for her, which she had many opportunities of doing, besides taking her pleasure. As she was dressed genteeler than ever she was before, so she looked more charming.

She accompanied her Mamma to church, where she was admired by every one, even the parson took notice of her, not for her dress alone, but because she shew-
ed

ed no signs of pride, and minded what he said, instead of looking at her cloaths.

When service was over, Mr *Preachwell*, the Parson of the parish, presented his daughter to Miss *Fanny*. *Polly*, says he, this is the young lady I have so often mentioned to you, and whom I should be pleased you would copy, as she bids fair to make a shining figure in the world. What the good man said pleased Mrs *Bountiful* so much, that she invited him and his daughter home to dinner. This gentleman was a widower, and had three daughters, two of whom were apprentices to a milliner in *London*; the youngest was *Polly*, who lived with him and an old housekeeper. She was about fourteen, and a very fit companion for *Fanny*, as their tempers were much alike, and both of them having been fond of learning were excellent scholars; *Polly* had indeed the advantage of *Fanny*, because she could speak *French* very well, and had some notion of *Latin*.

Mrs *Bountiful*, who was willing her adopted child should possess every accomplishment, agreed with Mr *Preachwell* to instruct *Fanny*, which he promised to do

in the best manner, and he was very capable, being a man of great sense and abilities; the two young ladies became intimate friends, and Miss *Fanny* soon acquired those two languages.

Fanny went no more to school, but worked caps, aprons, handkerchiefs, ruffles, &c. by her Mamma's side, who would repeat many good things to her, to instill the principles of virtue in her heart, and as she was very fond of poetry, she frequently would make her read, among other pieces, the following Ode on Rural Happiness.

ODE on RURAL HAPPINESS.

I.

HOW deeply blue th' etherial space,
With burning stars enamell'd o'er,
The snow-clad hills on night's grim face,
A pale and dreadful lustre pour.

II.

Welcome sad season of the year,
And Midnight stern, and howling wind;
Horrors that fright the wolf and bear,
Serve but to sooth my wilder mind.

III. On

III.

On this rude cliff's tremendous brow,
 Ne'er touch'd by rosy finger'd spring,
 Where never swain was heard to blow
 The warbling reed, of bird to sing

IV.

I stand, around in ample view
 The subject meads and forests lie,
 And silent streams, whose surface blue
 Reflects the moon and starry sky.

V.

And mingled cottages appear,
 Where Sleep his genuine dew bestows,
 And young Content, that cherub fair,
 Still smooths the pillow of repose.

VI.

Here Peace and heav'n born Virtue reign,
 Unrival'd on the margin green;
 Near wrinkled rills, in grove, or plain,
 The smiling pair are ever seen.

VII.

Before the lustre of their eyes,
 (As shades before the morning ray;)
 Each soul distempering passion flies,
 To crouded hall and cities gay.

VIII.

Av'rice, with fancy'd wants forlorn,
 Meagre his look, his mantle rude,
 And stern-cy'd Envy, inly torn
 By the fell worm that drinks his blood.

D

Mistaken

IX.

Mistaken Jealousy, that weeps
O'er the pale corse himself has gor'd;
And dire Revenge, who never sleeps,
Still calls for blood, still shakes the sword.

X.

Restless Ambition, roaming o'er
Th' affrighted globe, where'er he treads
The fields are drench'd in human gore,
And cities bow their tow'ry heads.

XI.

Loud Discontent, and dumb Despair,
Suspicion glancing oft behind,
And slighted Love, with frantic air,
Blaspheming Heav'n and Stars unkind.

XII.

Thrice happy swains! your silent hours
These midnight furies ne'er molest;
Furies that climb the loftiest towers,
And tear the splendid tyrant's breast.

XIII.

Sleep on, blest innocents, secure!
Soon will the wint'ry storms be flown,
Soon comes the spring-tide of the year,
And summer's suns are all your own.



This Ode was much admired by Mrs *Bountiful*, and she desired *Fanny* to get it by heart, which she soon did, as she had a very good memory.

In this happy manner Miss *Fanny Fairchild* passed the time with good Mrs *Bountiful*, whose love for her increased daily, sometimes she would sing her a song, sometimes dance before her, and paid her as much respect and duty as if she had been her mother; If she was ill at any time, *Fanny* would nurse her as well as she could, so that the old Lady would often say, What a good child she had got?

D 2

Though

Though *Fanny* did not go to school, yet she kept up some acquaintance with her old school-fellows, especially *Miss Grace Goodman*, and *Miss Sally Scramble*; the first of these she always loved, the other had partly saved her life; besides, she was now a very good girl, and took some pains to learn, so that though she was older than the rest of the *Misses* before she could work or read, yet she bid fair to be a tolerable scholar at last; and to be sure it is better late than never; however, she never deserved the fool's cap any more, nor was there any occasion for another to be made in the room of that she cut to pieces, as all the children were uncommonly good; and the *Governess* has often been heard to say, It was through the example of little *Goby* *Goosecap*.



C H A P. IV.

Containing the History of Miss Patty Wilson, and other curious Affairs.

MISS Polly and Goody Goosecap were very often together, and in fine weather they would walk in the fields behind the house, or go into the Church-yard to read the Tomb-stones, and so improved each others minds with moral and pleasing conversation; how innocent and happy must their lives be! for happiness must attend on virtue and innocence, to be sure. One evening they had been taking a walk in the grove which leads down to the river side, when they beheld a little girl sitting crying under a tree.



Goody Goosecap proposed going to her, and enquiring what was the matter, which was agreed to by *Miss Polly*. As soon as they came near they begged to know what was the matter, but *Miss Pride*, for that was her name, arose to be gone without giving any answer; but they insisted on knowing the cause of her grief, which at last, though with a deal of sobbing and crying, she did; and what was it do you think? Why, one of the school-fellows had got finer cloaths than she. O! you *Goosecap*, says *Fanny*, is that all, and is it worth crying about! I wish you may

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may never have any thing worse to cry for, than the want of a *French* petticoat or pink shoes. Come, sit down by me on the grass, and I will tell you a tale shall make you despise such trifles; accordingly she made her sit down by her, and then repeated the following, selected from the celebrated *Dr Watts*.

The BUTTERFLY.

I.

WHY should our garments, made to hide,
Our parents shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin
Till *Eve*, our mother, learn'd to sin.

II.

When first she put the covering on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boast,
In the sad marks of glory lost.

III.

How proud are we! How fond to shew
Our cloaths, and call them rich and new;
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
That very cloathing long before.

IV. The

IV.

The Tulip and the Butterfly
 Appear in better coats than I;
 Let me be dress'd fine as I will,
 Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me still.

V.

Then will I set my heart to find
 Inward adornings of the mind,
 Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
 These are the robes of richest dress.

Miss *Pride* was not very well pleased with this address, yet put on a calmer countenance, and promised she would no longer be governed by vanity, which has been the ruin of many a pretty young Lady. *Goody Goosecap* gave her many more lessons, which she promised to observe, arose, made a curtsy, thanked her for her advice, and took her leave. When she was gone her folly gave scope to a conversation on the bad effects which often arise from too great a fondness for dress. Decency, it was allowed on all hands, was necessary, and some little dif-

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difference according to the different stations of life which fortune has allotted. This introduced the history of Miss *Patty Wilson*, which Miss *Polly* related in the following manner:

I cannot say I remember the person of whom I going to speak, but had it from my Mamma, as a lesson to direct me from falling into the same folly.

Miss *Wilson* was the daughter of a Clergyman, who had a small living a few miles distant from my Father's. He was a very pious and worthy man, but his wife was altogether as proud. They had but one child, which was Miss *Patty*. Mr *Wilson* took care to give her a virtuous education, and early to instill into her mind the duties of a Christian, and such moral instructions as would be of use to her in life; but her mother, whose head was filled with notions of grandeur, still dressed her up in a stile, which she had not the least prospect in the world to imagine she could support through life, and by her means she was introduced into what is called the polite world: Balls and Assemblies were her sole delight, and the good man, her Father, with sorrow,

ob-

46 *The Entertaining History of*
 observed all his precepts thrown away
 on one who had made vanity her study:
 Her Mother, however, still encouraged
 her passion for dress and pleasure, and as
 she had a great share of beauty, and an
 agreeable turn in conversation, she ex-
 pected her accomplishments might capti-
 vate some person of fortune, who would
 marry her and support her in all her
 gaiety and extravagance. But this random
 idea was the ruin of her daughter. Mr
Tinsel paid his devoirs to her, gained her
 affections, and persuaded her to elope,



under pretence of being married in pri-
 vate, for fear of disobliging a rich uncle,
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who had declared him his heir, who certainly would cut him off if he should know that he married a poor clergyman's daughter: The consequence of such a fatal compliance was, that he, by the most solemn promises, and every art that villainy could invent, ruined her, and in a short time left her, to make the tour of *Europe*, and left her to all the agonies of a guilty conscience. She wrote to her Mother, who had been privy to her elopement, and informed her of all that had happened. 'Till now her Mother believed her married to 'Squire *Tinsel*, and so had informed her husband; but this letter coming to his knowledge had such an effect on him, that he pined away, and in a short time died. Poor Miss *Patty* could not survive her loss of honour and her lover too, but died of a broken heart in *London*, not daring ever to shew her face in those parts where once her gaiety had given liberty for many to prophecy what had now happened in earnest.

However, she had obtained a full pardon from her dear Papa before he died, and she wrote several very moving letters to many of her young friends, to warn
 them

them of vanity, and the fatal effects of flattery, especially from those in a higher sphere than themselves; as it may with more reason be expected that such have some sinister views, and never intend to perform what they so earnestly promise.

'Tis hoped that this little story of *Miss Wilson*, and some others in the course of this work, will not be deemed improper, as it is to be supposed, that all little characters are intended to be men and women, when such tales may be of service to their future conduct.

It now growing towards the dusk of the evening, the young Ladies thought proper to begin their walk back again through the grove, to *Miss Polly's* Father's, where, after some little ceremonies were passed, they parted, with a promise of seeing each other again as soon as possible.



C H A P. V.

Containing the Arrival of Mrs Bountiful's Brother and her Son; in which another young Character will be introduced.

IN this innocent manner did *Fanny* live till she was sixteen years of age. She had lived with *Mrs Bountiful* ten years, for she was about six years old when that Lady took her into her house. As *Miss Fanny* understood Music, she would often play upon the Harpsichord, and sing to it, which gave *Mrs Bountiful* great delight.



One day as she was sitting with her work, they were informed two Gentlemen desired to speak with Mrs *Bountiful*. She ordered the servant to ask them to come in, which they did.

One was a comely elderly man, and had much the appearance of a Gentleman, the other was a very handsome young Gentleman of about two and twenty. As soon as they advanced into the room, Mrs *Bountiful* started up, and cried out, Oh! my brother, and I think my dear son.

The young Gentleman bent his knee to ask his Mother's blessing, when she clasped her arms round his neck, and burst into tears of joy; she then embraced her Brother. When they had a little recollected themselves they began to talk of their affairs. Mr *Goodchild* was her Brother's name; and it was Mrs *Bountiful*'s maiden name; and a very just one, as she had always been a good child, which made her so good a woman.

Her Brother informed her that he had lately lost the best of wives, and that he could not bear to live on the same spot where she died, so had settled his affairs.

and

and was come over to *England*, with an intention to settle there the rest of his life; he said he had brought over with him not only all his money, but a jewel, that was dearer to him than all the world. Nay, brother, don't say that, said Mrs *Bountiful*, *I have always flattered myself that you loved me.* And so I do, sister, replied he with a smile, but the jewel I mean is my little daughter, my only child; she is but six years old. Where is she? said Mrs *Bountiful* hastily. In *London*, said he, with her good nurse Mrs *Teachem*. I left them there to come and seek after you, and if it is agreeable to you, will bring my little *Harriot* and settle in these parts. Mrs *Bountiful* said, Nothing could give her greater pleasure. Mr *Goodchild* then informed her, that he had put her son *James* in a way of business that had gained him a good fortune, and said, he intended to make some addition to it at his death, as he should give his *Harriot* no more than thirty thousand pounds; which he thought sufficient for a girl, especially if she married a man with an equal fortune.

Mrs *Bountiful* then caressed her son again, which he returned with all duty and respect. She said, she hardly knew him after so long an absence, as he was but twelve years old when he went abroad with his uncle, after the death of his father; he was now in his three and twentieth year, and a fine genteel handsome figure he was. Here he is, There is a great deal of sweetness in his looks.



Fanny Fairchild was in the room all the time, and kept silence, but she had shed tears, which Mrs *Bountiful* observed on turning towards her: What is the matter, child?

child? says she, Nothing, Mamma, says *Fanny*, I only wept for joy to see you so happy.

Mr *Goodchild* and young *Bountiful* looked earnestly at *Fanny*; and the former said, Sister, have you changed your condition? when I left *England* you was a widow. So I am still, Brother, said she. Then what is the meaning, said he, of that fine young creature calling you Mother? Because, replied she, I have been a Mother to her. She then related all the particulars of *Fanny's* story, not forgetting her name of *Goody Goosecap*, when she was little.

Fanny blushed at the recital, but it was a blush of modesty, not of guilt, to hear herself praised for so many accomplishments. The old Gentleman saluted her, and said, He would call her niece, and the young one did the same, and said, He was sure he should love her as well as a sister. They passed a week in great happiness, when Mr *Goodchild* returned to *London* to fetch his daughter and her nurse.

Young *Bountiful* passed this time with *Fanny* and her companions: He took a

part in all their amusements, and they were mightily pleased with him, as he was very polite and good-humoured, and had a great share of sense and ready wit.

In about a month Mr *Goodchild* came to them again, and brought Mrs *Teachem* and his darling child. *Harriot* was the sweetest engaging little creature that ever was seen. She paid her duty to her aunt in a very pretty manner, as she had been instructed by Mrs *Teachem*.

Mrs *Bountiful* caressed and fondled her, *Fanny* kissed and hugged her; she took her into the garden, then into the town, and bought her some toys.

Among the rest was a little chariot and pair, with the coachman on the box. It was very finely painted and gilt, and a Lady sitting in it. Here it is, and for the size of it I never saw any thing so curious.

She



She bought her likewise a little wax baby full dressed, which delighted Miss *Herriot* very much. When they came home she ran to her Father. Papa, says she, that pretty Lady gave me these fine things! Sure! says he, the young Lady is very good. Yes, she is indeed, Papa; and I will always love her. That is a good girl, says he, you should always be grateful for favours received, and I will make her a present for her kindness to you which shall be worth her acceptance. Upon saying this he opened a small ebony casket, and taking out a very fine diamond neck-

necklace and ear-rings, presented them to Miss *Fanny Fairchild*. She curtsied very low when she received them, and made her acknowledgments in a very genteel and graceful manner.

Mrs *Bountiful* looked upon her brother with a smile of approbation: Thank you, Sir, says she, I am glad to see you take notice of my Orphan, for I assure you she is very dear to me; upon which *Fanny* took hold of her benefactress's hand, and kissed it with tears in her eyes. Don't cry, my dear child, says this good Lady. I have reason to love you, having brought you up from a child, just such another as little *Harriot*. I had neither husband, child, or any relation near me for many years, and though, by God's mercy, I am blest with the sight of my son again, that cannot take off the regard I shall always have for you; and I believe no one will blame me who knows your tenderness for me, your piety, and sweet disposition, besides all your other amiable qualifications.

Fanny's heart was overcome with tenderness and gratitude, and that she might be at liberty to let fall a flood of tears, begged

begged leave to withdraw to compose herself.

C H A P. IV.

Giving an Account of Goody Goosecap's Instructions to little Miss Harriot.

MR Goodchild intended, when he came to England, to put his little daughter to some reputable boarding school, but was prevented from so doing by the entreaties of *Goody Goosecap*, who begged the honour of being her instructress, and from the good account Mrs *Bountiful*, his sister, gave of her abilities, he was prevailed on to let her continue under her direction; and he was the more pleased as she would be continually near him; a circumstance not a little pleasing to a parent who was so fond of his child.

Miss *Fanny*, otherwise *Goody Goosecap*, began her office in this manner: As Miss *Harriot* had learned to read and work a little, she thought proper to improve such useful qualifications, as well as instruct her

her in others necessary in the polite world. The business of the morning, after prayers, was reading, and *Fanny* generally picked out some select pieces in prose and verse which were of moral tendency as well as entertaining. Application, she said, was the only way to make her learn whatever she took delight in; and to excite her to industry she repeated the following verses on the industrious Bee.

I.

HOW doth the little busy Bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r!

II.

How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads the wax;
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

III.

In works of labour or of skill
I would be busy too;
For folly finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

IV.

In books or works, or healthful play
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

Thus

GOODY GOOSECAP. 59

Thus was the first part of the morning spent; the next, the needle came in play, and some pleasing device served to discover her ingenuity. After dinner the Harpsichord was taught to speak in the most pleasing sounds: Miss *Harriot* was as yet a stranger to that enchanting art, yet she soon became a very apt scholar, and received her lessons thankfully, which was very right, as there is nothing so commendable in children as humility, and makes every body fond of them, and more ready to do any thing to serve them. Mr *Goodchild* was not a little pleased with *Fanny's* kindness to his daughter, and would often attend their music, which he was very fond of. *Fanny* had some taste for poetry, and had wrote a song which she set to music, and one day when they were all together she played and sung it, which gave great satisfaction; and as we have been favoured with a copy of the words, the reader, perhaps, may not be displeased at seeing them.

S O N G.

S O N G.

HOW sweetly smiles the infant spring!
 How gay each prospect sound!
 The birds their pleasing carols sing,
 And *Flora* spreads the ground.

Come, let us seek the happy grove,
 Or kind sequeller'd bow'r;
 With sports, and inoffensive love,
 Improve the fleeting hour.

For Youth and Beauty can be gay,
 While Vice and Folly mourn,
 Taste all the sweets of blooming May,
 And hail its blest return.

Miss *Fanny* received great applause, not only for her singing, but the words, which they did not think she was capable of. What could be more happy than this family! How pleasing is sense, virtue, and goodness! It is what I hope every little Miss will strive to imitate, and then they will be agreeable not only to themselves, but every one else.

Thus did every day pass in the most pleasing communion. It was delightful to see them all in a room together, as they are here.

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Miss *Harriot* was so attentive to the friendly instructions of Miss *Fanny*, that she soon became excellent, not only with her needle, but likewise in every other accomplishment. Dancing was not left out, as it was conducive to health, as well as giving a peculiar grace to every motion. Little parties were formed of the most innocent nature, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another, and at these friendly assemblies the young folks were sure to give great pleasure to the old ones, as every thing was conducted with the greatest decorum.

F

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

Giving some Account of Fanny's Uncle, and of the Fortune which was left her.

THIS happy family had just dined one day, when a servant let them know an old Gentleman desired to speak with Mrs *Bountiful*. She desired he might be admitted. When he came in he bowed to Mrs *Bountiful*, and said, Madam, my business is of a very extraordinary nature. I am but lately arrived from the *West Indies*, where I have left the remains of a man, who, however unworthy, as by his own confession he was when he was young, yet for some years past has led a life of piety and strict honesty, his name was *Thomas Fairchild*. At that name Mrs *Bountiful* started, and *Fanny* was ready to faint. Seeing nobody attempted to interrupt him, as indeed their surprise was so great they had not power, he resumed his discourse.

Finding himself draw near his end, he sent for me, and told me he had something lay heavy at his conscience, and he could not die in peace if I did not promise

to comply with his last desires. I accordingly gave him my word, then he laid before me the whole affair of his baseness in wronging his niece, and he told me



that he hoped God would accept his penitence, and what I have further to say, continued he, is to fulfil the promise you have made me, when I am dead, to go to *England*, and take, instead of the five thousand I wronged her out of, ten thousand pounds, which I have gained by trade, the rest of my effects keep yourself for your trouble, only lay me decently in

the ground; after speaking these words he gave a dismal groan and expired.

After the funeral was over I came to *England*. I reached this town yesterday, and went to the Churchwardens to enquire concerning one *Fanny Fairchild*; for he had told me her name, and the place she was born in. They informed me such a child was with them some time, but was taken away by a very good Lady, mentioning your name, Madam. I waited upon you to beg the favour you would let me see Miss *Fairchild*, that I may pay the money into her own hands. Mrs *Bountiful* then presented *Fanny* to him.

She was drowned in tears, and the pleasure of having ten thousand pounds fortune paid down to her immediately, did not compensate for the pain she felt, at hearing of the penitence and death of so near a relation.

They pressed the gentleman to stay some time with them, but he said he would go to *London*, and if the wind permitted would return as soon as possible to his own country, where he had left every thing in confusion: he said his affairs would suffer by the loss of his time, but

but as he had made a solemn promise he would not be worse than his word, especially with a dying person.

Mrs *Bountiful* said he had proved himself a man of honour and humanity, And said she, had Mr *Fairchild* been so, there would have been no occasion for his late repentance, or your trouble and hindrance. His promise was to a brother, your's only to an acquaintance: He was on the same spot, you in a foreign country; however, we will not take up the ashes of the dead. No, Madam, by no means, said the tender-hearted forgiving *Fanny*.

Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you for you goodness, in seeking after a poor undeserving girl. Nay, Miss, said the good man, don't say so; by what little I have seen of you, I think you deserving of every blessing. My friend said you were a beautiful child, but I believe you are an angel of a woman. I wish my dear son *Tom* could see you; but he is too far off, and besides, he is wild.

They prevailed with him to stay that night, but in the morning he departed

betimes, though with some reluctance, but he said business must be minded.

Fanny was now a ten thousand pounds fortune. She was seventeen years old, and a finer form was never seen. There were several Gentlemen would have paid their respects to her, but she gave no encouragement to any. She was wholly taken up with the company of her foster brother, young *Bountiful*, who would lead her by the hand through woods and groves of an evening. Her companions were always with them, yet still it so happened that he and she always walked arm in arm.

C H A P. VIII.

*Mrs Bountiful taken ill, and given over ;
the Consequences thereof.*

THE pleasures of this life are but of a short date; and therefore we should not fix our minds upon them.

The

GOODY GOOSECAP. 67

The good, the worthy Mrs. *Bountiful* was suddenly taken ill; this cast a sudden damp over every countenance.

The family Apothecary was sent for, as he knew her constitution; but he advised them to send for a Physician. The Physician wrote for her, the Apothecary made up the prescription, but all to no purpose, she grew worse every day. Her disorder was a violent pain in her side, and a fever on the spirits, which took away her appetite, and deprived her of sleep. She had lain in this manner for a fortnight, and was wasted away to a very skeleton. Her son, brother, and poor *Fanny* were terribly alarmed at her danger, and privately asked the Physician's opinion, who said, the constant pain she laboured under augmented the fever, but if he could procure her some sleep it would ease the pain, and be the only means of saving her life. He said, he had something to propose to them, which, if they would agree to, she might have a chance to get the better of it, otherwise he could do no more for her. They eagerly asked what that was? He replied, to give her a dose, which will either kill
or

or cure her. He said it was of very dangerous consequence, but there was a chance in it, and if they would not consent she must die.



Fanny, who was ready to sink when she heard this ; begged Mr *Goodchild* and Mr *Bountiful* would agree with the Physician to endeavour to save her life. To be sure it is dangerous, but yet there is a chance. Oh! let us try every means to save her precious life, for I cannot bear to part with her! They accordingly agreed to it, and the mixture was sent. When she had

had taken it, not knowing what it was, she said, in a faint voice, God grant this may do me good, and raise me up again, that I may see accomplished what my heart is set upon; then stopping a while to breathe, as she was so weak as hardly to be heard to speak, when she desired them to draw nearer to her, and speaking to her son; It was my intention, said she, if I had lived, for you to have married my virtuous *Fanny*, as I have a great desire to call her daughter in earnest. I would not force your inclination, but if you can sincerely love her, which I have some reason to think you do, and she I am convinced has no objection, it would be a satisfaction to me to see you join hands in my sight, with a strict promise of fulfilling my desire after my decease.

Young *Bountiful*, though full of affliction at the thoughts of losing his mother, received her dying injunctions with transport, as he loved the charming *Fanny* from his first seeing her, but was fearful his mother would not consent to his happiness, as her fortune was not equal to his.

He

He took *Fanny's* hand, which trembled between joy and sorrow, and in the presence of his mother and uncle, promised to make her his wife.

Fanny, with a modest blush, gave her consent; for she found in her heart he was conducive to her happiness.

Mrs *Bountiful* seemed greatly pleased at their compliance with her request, and joining their hands, said, May Heaven bless you, my dear children. I desire you will not shew unnecessary grief at my death, so as to make you defer your mutual happiness, but console yourselves with the thought that I am happy in a better place; for as I have nothing to reproach myself with in my last moments, I shall not fear to meet my judge.

Having quite exhausted herself with speaking so much, she laid her head gently on the pillow, and fell into a fine slumber, a blessing she had not enjoyed a long time before, and which was owing to the mixture she had taken.

When *Fanny* arose in the morning she went with a deal of anxiety to her *Mamma's* chamber, where she found her still asleep; but a few hours after she began

to

to stir, and opening her eyes, spoke very cheerfully to them: They enquired how she did? She said she was quite easy from pain, for which they all returned thanks to God.

Fanny had no more leisure to attend to the instruction of little *Harriot*, who was in the room when she heard her aunt say she was better; but they missed her all on a sudden. *Fanny* went to her chamber to look for her, as she always lay with her, where she found her; but what do you think she was doing? Why, on her knees at the bed-side. That's a good girl, says *Fanny*; but, my dear, will you tell me what you was praying for? You know we both said our prayers together when we got up; but I can't guess what has put you in that pretty posture again.

Why, my dear Miss, says *Harriot*, you know we prayed for my aunt's recovery, and when I found God Almighty had heard our prayers, I could do no less, you know, than thank him; and I will always pray to him for what I want, and when I have got it I will return him thanks.

Oh!

Oh! thou dear pretty creature, says Fanny, no doubt God will always hear such a sweet innocent, as I think there cannot be a finer sight than so young a Miss at prayers. I will shew you how she looked with her little hands folded. Pray look at her.



Fanny, as we said before, had some notion of writing verse. She went to her closet, and wrote the following, which when she had done, she read it to *Harrist*, who desired to have it to learn by heart: She did so, and in three days she could repeat it every word,

On

ON RECOVERING FROM SICKNESS.

A GAIN the purple tide of health,
That blessing dearer far than wealth,
Returns,—and bids each hope revive,
With every joy which she can give.

Then to the Lord let's raise the voice,
In strains of gratitude rejoice;
'Twas he who kindly sought the bed,
And rais'd the sad dejected head.

To him then let our prayers ascend,
Who sav'd our parent and our friend:
Still let the voice in concert join
To praise, who only is divine.

C H A P. IX.

*Arrival of Strangers, and various other
Matters necessary to be known in order
to understand the History.*

IN the former part of our history, we
mentioned Mrs Bountiful's taking
Fanny to London, and of the gold watch
that was given her by the Merchant's
G Lady.

Lady, for working some caps for her little daughter, who was now five years old, that Lady, as she had not seen Mrs *Bountiful* for some years, had a fancy to visit her old friend. She accordingly arrived at the house in a postchaise, with little Miss sitting by her. Here they are.



Mrs *Bountiful*, who was just got about again, was walking in the garden for air, leaning on *Fanny*'s arm. Mrs *Friendly*, for that was the Lady's name, went to her. Mrs *Bountiful* was greatly surprised

to see her; however, she received her with a great deal of pleasure and politeness. Mrs *Friendly* took notice how Miss *Fanny* was grown, so that she hardly knew her. Yes, Madam, says she, this is my little *Goody Goosecap*, as she called herself the first time I spoke to her; but we have left off that name now she is grown a woman.

She then informed her how *Fanny's* uncle had left her ten thousand pounds, and likewise her intentions of making her her daughter as soon as she was quite well.

Mrs *Friendly* was very much pleased to hear all this, as she had taken a great liking to Miss *Fairchild*, and had often mentioned her to her friends at *London*, and shewed them the fine work she did for her, which was very much admired.

They then went to dinner, which was very elegant, as Mrs *Bountiful* kept a very good house, and the remains that was left every day she gave to a poor family in the neighbourhood, who were hard working people, but got very little money, and had a daughter lame, and a son that was born blind.

Miss *Patty Friendly* was very much caressed by them all, and a pretty Miss she was, and very well behaved, only she had little childish tricks; but she did not do any thing for the sake of mischief. She had got Miss *Harriot's* wax doll to play with, which she had indulged her with, because she was a stranger. She, like a little simpleton, thinking the doll was cold, carried it to the kitchen fire to warm it; and she did indeed, for as



soon as it was warm the face melted off. Just then Miss *Harriot* came running in, Oh! says she, don't hold her by the fire! She perceived the wax dropping down.

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She coloured like scarlet, and, without speaking a word, took the doll from Miss *Patty*, and went into the garden, where she burst into tears.

Miss *Fanny*, who was sitting in an arbour reading, saw her, and calling her, desired to know what was the matter? Ah! Miss *Fanny*, says she, look here! my pretty doll has lost her face. *Fanny* asked her how it happened? and she told her; and says she, I can't be angry with her, because I know she did not do it on purpose; besides, you have told me I should be particularly civil to strangers; but what troubles me is, I intended to keep it for your sake. I was always very careful of it, and should not have taken it out now but to oblige Miss *Patty*. Well, my dear, says Miss *Fanny*, don't grieve about it, and I will buy you another so much like it, you shan't know one from the other. This pleased *Harriot*, and they went into the parlour. *Patty* was there, and had told her Mamma of the accident, who made many apologies to *Harriot* for what her daughter had done; but, she said, Pray, Madam, don't mention it, it does not signify.

Mrs *Friendly* had brought with her a pretty little lap-dog, with a silver collar about his neck, she insisted on Miss *Harriet* accepting that in recompence for her doll. Here he is.



Matters being now made up between these young folks, they went to play together again. *Patty* had got a dormouse in a box, which her Papa bought her in *London*.

This creature, it is said, sleeps half the year. Its colour was much like a fawn, with two little eyes like beads; it was as fat as a mole. She had a small chain fastened

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fastened round the neck, no thicker than a thread, to which she had tied a ribbon, so she used every now-and-then to let it run about the grass-plat, she holding the ribbon.

It happened that the cat, which was in the garden at the same time, as she often was, (for she had watched for, and caught many a bird) jumped out of a tree. *Harriot* cried out, Oh! Miss, take care of the dormouse! the cat will eat it! at which Miss *Patty* laughed. No she wont Miss, said she, she will only play with it: So she called Pufs! Pufs! The cat came to her, and looking at the dormouse, her mouth watered to be at it; but *Patty* had taken it up. Miss, says she, now you shall see them play together; with that she put it down on the grass again, the cat gave a sudden spring, caught it in her mouth, and run away. *Patty* had hold of the chain, but her mouse was gone. The two Misses looked at each other some time, and then both run after the cat, who had made off with her booty, and eat it, which was a nice tit-bit, such as she had never eat before.

Poor

Poor *Patty* cried sadly, and could hardly be pacified all the evening.

At last her Mamma comforted her by telling her she should have a tame Robin Red-Breast: Then, says she, I will cry no more about him, for I love birds, Mamma especially a Robin. My dormouse used to sleep half it's life away, but a bird will sing to me.

Accordingly, next day her Mamma bought her one that was so tame he would eat out of her hand; and besides was very beautiful. Here he is.



This

GOODY GOOSECAP. 81

This Robin delighted her and *Harriot* very much: He would hop about the house from room to room, and eat any thing. They used to call him *Bob*; and if they cried, Come *Bob*! he would come to them directly. In this innocent manner they diverted themselves, till Mrs *Friendly* thought it was time for to think of home, as she thought Mr *Friendly* would be uneasy; accordingly, after a visit of a fortnight, in which time she had taken all the pleasure of the place, she took leave of Mrs *Bountiful*, with great reluctance, making her promise, when Miss *Fanny Fairchild* was married, for them all to come to *London*, and set out on her journey, with her daughter *Patty*, who had made such a friendship with *Harriot*, that she desired her to come with them.



C H A P.

C H A P. X.

Variety of Matter, entertaining and instructive.

THE company of Miss *Patty Friendly* had not hindered Miss *Harriot* in the instructions she received from Miss *Fanny*. She had learned her to write a very pretty hand; she had worked herself a set of linen; she could play tollerably on the harpsichord, and dance a minuet; she could read to admiration, and as she lay with Miss *Fanny*, they always joined in prayer night and morning, and on *Sunday* this excellent family all went to church together.

Mr *Goodchild* was quite charmed with *Fanny's* prudence and goodness. He often said, That though she was so young herself, she had been a Mother to his *Harriot*. These praises pleased Mrs *Bountiful*, and young *Bountiful* doated on her.

As it was with his Mother's consent he did not scruple to own his love for her, and as she had given her promise she heard him

GOODY GOOSECAP. 83

him with pleasure. They often walked out in the cool of the evening, talking in the most innocent manner.

One evening *Fanny* complained of a violent pain in her head, which made Mrs *Bountiful* very uneasy. Mr *Bountiful* said, Perhaps, my dear *Fanny*, the air will do you good, let us take our usual evening's walk. They did so. When they came to the gate that led into the fields there stood an old man, with grey hairs, who opened the gate for them, and said, God bless you both together! Mr *Bountiful* smiled and thanked him, and *Fanny* put a shilling in his hand. On receiving it the old man's tears trickled down his face. Here he is.

As



As they walked on Mr *Bountiful* took her by the hand, and said, Every body loves and blesses you, my charming *Fanny*, you are so good, so pious, so charitable. Oh! how happy shall I be with such a wife!

I believe you do not flatter me, Sir, says she, and I think I shall be equally blest in a Husband, for your temper is so much like your dear excellent Mother's.

To be sure she had some knowledge of my parents, but it was her humanity to me in my infant state that made her my bene-

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GOODY GOOSECAP. 85

benefactress, or else it was Providence working in her to bring me to a sight of you.

In this manner did these lovers talk, till something rustling in the hedge interrupted them. Mr *Bountiful* with his stick moved the leaves, and saw a fine squirrel, which was some how or other entangled in the boughs. He took hold of, disengaged it, and put it in his pocket. When they came home he took it out of his pocket, and shewed it his Mother. See how pretty it cracks the nuts.



As *Fanny* said she was very fond of such animals, he said he would tame it for her,

H

for

for fear it should bite her pretty fingers. She smiled and thanked him. *Fanny's* head-ach still continuing she could not rest much that night ; but getting up by break of day, looked out of her window, which was over the dove house, and amused herself with hearing the cooing of the harmless turtles. When she was weary of that she sat herself down in her closet, and wrote what follows on the subject.

On the D O V E.

SWEET pair, who still from morn to night,
The moments pass in kind delight,
And fondly bill, and gently coo ;
May I be innocent as you.

Emblems of peace and harmless love,
How pure, how spotless is a Dove !
Such to the ark the olive brought,
And such a blessed business wrought.

This was another task for Miss *Harriot* to learn, for she awoke as soon as Miss *Fanny* had done it. Mrs *Bountiful* said, It was very pretty, and Mr *Bountiful* said, There

There was not such another young Lady in the world as his dear *Fanny*.

Mrs *Bountiful* had now recovered her health pretty well, but was weak. The Physician advised her to ride on horseback, which he said was the best exercise in the world: In which Mr *Goodchild* agreed, and he said he would accompany her. Accordingly they rode out every morning, which she found of great service to her. Miss *Fanny* sometimes went with them, attended by Mr *Bountiful*. Poor little *Harriot* was ready to cry sometimes to go with them, but could not ride by herself. Her kind Papa, who never liked to see her uneasy, told her he would buy her a little nag to learn to ride on against she grew older and bigger to ride by herself. This was the thing to please her. He was as good as his word, as every person should be. It was a very little one, with a fine mane and long tail.

Mr *Goodchild* set her on its back, and led him round the paddock; but after a few days riding she could manage him herself. He was as gentle as a lamb; and *Harriot* would have him called *Bob*.

They kept him in the Paddock, and you may see what a long tail he has got. Here he is.



When *Harriot* could manage her little horse, she used to go with them sometimes, when the weather was very fine; but her Papa made her always ride close by his side, that he might have his eye upon her; for never Father loved a child better than Mr *Goodchild* did *Harriot*; and there was a very good reason for it, for she was one of the most dutiful of children, and so she deserved all encouragement;

agement ; besides, she had lately worked her Papa a pair of ruffles that looked like lace.

Mrs *Bountiful* had now got her strength, and was as well as ever. She was thankful to her brother and her son for their care of her, and as to *Fanny* she was dearer, if possible, than ever. She could hardly bear her to be out of her sight ; and if she went a visiting, or a walking, *Fanny* went with her : Thus in peace and happiness did they spend their time.



C H A P. XI.

Cautions to Children to take Care of Strangers, and not ramble too far from Home.

IN the neighbourhood where Mrs *Bountiful* lived, was a small family; the man was a gardener, and used to serve most of the gentry round about with fruit and vegetables, and as he kept his garden in great order, and had a variety of flowers in it, Mrs *Bountiful* used often to pay them a visit, for the sake of walking in it, and to encourage industry. The gardener's wife was a clean notable woman; they had six children, who always went very decent, were put to school, and were very fond of their books and their work, as every little girl and boy should, as it is not only for their own advantage, but shews a good example for others to follow.

One day, when Mrs *Bountiful*, with *Fanny* and *Harriot*, were taking the pleasure of the garden, walking through the flower-beds, or sometimes sitting by the side of a fountain, as there was a very fine one. Here you may see it.

All



All of a sudden they heard a terrible squall, and soon after the gardener's wife appeared wringing her hands and crying most bitterly; her little daughter *Betsey* was lost, and she could not find her any where in the neighbourhood. O! poor *Betsey*! what could she do? her *Betsey* was lost.—The gardener left his work and went directly in search of her: The biggest boy went another way, and all the family were in confusion. Mrs *Bountiful* endeavoured to comfort the poor woman all in her power, told her there was no doubt
but

but the child would be found again, that she could not be a very great way off. But she still continued crying, The gypsy had stole her; and it seems there had been a set of those vagabonds seen in the neighbourhood for some time past, to the disgrace of those who have authority to disperse them.

The gardener was gone some hours and returned almost distracted, without any notice of her, and soon after the boy came in and brought one of her shoes and a garter. The mother on seeing this began to lament more than ever: She thought, to be sure, little *Betsy* was murdered, and thrown into a pond. The gardener set out again immediately along with the boy towards the place where he found the shoe and garter, when, as they pursued their way, of a sudden they heard something like a child sobbing and crying, but could not guess whence it came from. They stopped short, and listened with the greatest attention; they heard the same again, but could not discover from whence it proceeded; however, imagining it was certainly her they were in search of, the gardener called out
pretty

pretty loud, *Betsey!* several times. The child at last heard, and answered as loud as she could, *Here, Daddy!* Where? said he; for yet he could see nothing of her: He then called again, and went, as well as his ear would direct him, towards the place where the voice came from, and at last discovered her face through a hole in the trunk of an old oak tree. Here it is.



He then said, Is it you *Betsey?* Yes, Daddy, said she. How came you there? The woman put me in, Daddy. The gardener then drew her up stark naked, and

and her hands tied behind her. He did not question her then, but wrapped her up in his coat, and went home as fast as he could to comfort her mother.

She informed them, that she had been at play upon the green till she was quite tired, and got over the stile into the hay field, and laid herself down among the hay to rest herself. She had not been long there before a woman came by and gave her some sugar-plumbs, at the same time told her, if she would go a little way with her, she would give her a fine doll, and see her safe back again; but when she had got across the next field she laid hold of her, and began to pull her cloaths off, and taking a knife out of her pocket, said she would kill her if she made any noise, and that when she had stripped her quite naked, a man, who just then came up, advised her to tie her hands behind her, and to put her into the hollow of a tree, which she did, and there left her, till she was discovered as before related. The woman in her haste had dropped her shoe and garter, which were the cause of her being found.

Mrs

GOODY GOOSECAP. 95

Mrs *Bountiful* said, her punishment had been equal to her folly, and hoped it would be a lesson to her for the future not to trust to the stories of strangers, or to stray out of the sight of her parents.

Poor *Betsy* hung down her head, overcome with shame, when, falling on her knees, she begged pardon, and promised



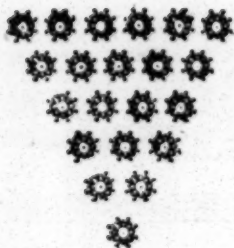
never to be guilty of the like again ; and indeed, to tell the truth of her, she was a very good girl, notwithstanding her late folly.

Fanny

96 *The Entertaining History of*

Fanny proposed, if it was agreeable, to visit them as often as possible, to give them some of her instructions, which Mrs *Bountiful* was quite delighted with, and the gardener and his wife thanked her a thousand times.

Mrs *Bountiful* and *Fanny* now returned home after this long visit, which had been attended with such strange circumstances.

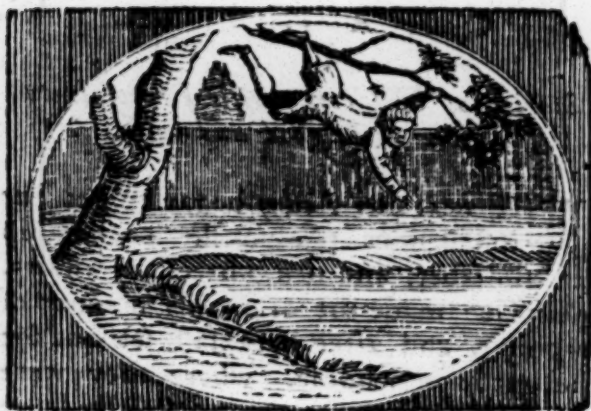


C H A P. XII.

*Stories of Children, with Proposals to
make them good and wise.*

THE next day *Fanny* began to get her instructions ready, she packed up her alphabet, and other necessary affairs, which she made use of in her manner of teaching, and after breakfast set out for the gardener's house, where they were all very glad to see her, especially little *Betsy*.

And now she began to display her talents in teaching, when just as she had begun with her alphabet to the youngest, a great noise was heard in the garden; all wondered what it could be, but the cause was soon known; one of the boys had got up a tree to gather some plums, and striving to reach some upon a slight branch, which hung over a pond, it broke, and he fell in.



It happened that his father was just by, and hearing him soufe into the water, immediately pulled him out; but it was enough to make any body laugh to have seen him. The pond was full of duckweed, with which he was covered from head to foot, like the sign of the green man.

While the poor boy had dry cloaths put on, *Fanny* sent the gardener's eldest daughter, with the youngest child, and *Miss Harriot*, to take a little walk. See how pretty they look.

Matters



Matters being once more settled, the boy had dry cloaths on, and Miss *Harriot* and her companions returning, *Fanny* proceeded to her instructions. After she had done with the youngest, who were yet only capable of learning their A, B, C, she made the rest stand up in a row, and repeat after her what follows;

Instructions to make Children Good and Wise.

TO be good and be wise, you must folly despise.
Keep constant to school, and ne'er play the fool.
Shun all that is evil : Be modest and civil.

When at church never play, for that's a bad way.
Get your task still in time, to neglect is a crime.
Be always polite, good manners are right.

When you're sent never stay, but make your best way.
Give your parents your duty, for that's a great
beauty.

Give your worship and love to God, who's above.
Shun the wicked and rude, but converse with the
good.

When you're at your play, take heed what you say.
'Tis a dangerous folly, to jest with things holy.

Keep your books without blot, and your cloaths
without spot.

In all that you do, be honest and true.

Be quiet and easy, when fools strive to teaze ye.

Attend the advice, of the aged and wise.

Be not angry or fret, but forgive and forget.

Do the thing you are bid, nor be sullen when chid.

These rules if you mind, great advantage you'll find.

For if these rules are well pursu'd,

They'll make you all both wise and good.

These Miss *Fanny* made them repeat very day till they had got it by heart; and she not only improved them in necessary reading and writing, but she set them tasks of working with their needles, or knitting, which was very useful in such a family.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

*Mirth and Matrimony, social Happiness,
with all Parties satisfied.*

YOUNG Mr *Bountiful* now began to grow impatient to call *Fanny* his own. He took an opportunity to speak to his Mother concerning it; and that Lady being as willing as her son to have matters concluded, she gave orders for the usual preparations to be made.

The day arrived. Mrs *Bountiful* and her brother, Mr *Goodchild*, the bride-men and bride-maids, with *Harriot*, all attended the Bride and Bridegroom to church. They made a very gay appearance, and had all of them favours.



When the ceremony was over Mr *Bountiful* made Mr *Preachwell* a handsome present, and invited him to dinner, which was very sumptuous. Nothing but wishes of joy and happiness came from every mouth, not only from all the company, but the whole town; for this couple was admired by every body.

Miss *Harriot* was now a fine tall genteel girl for her age. If you please you may see how she is grown of late.



Old Mrs *Bountiful* having seen completed what she had so long desired, was as happy as it was possible for any one in this life to be. She saw, by the behaviour of her son and her new daughter, that they bid fair for lasting happiness.



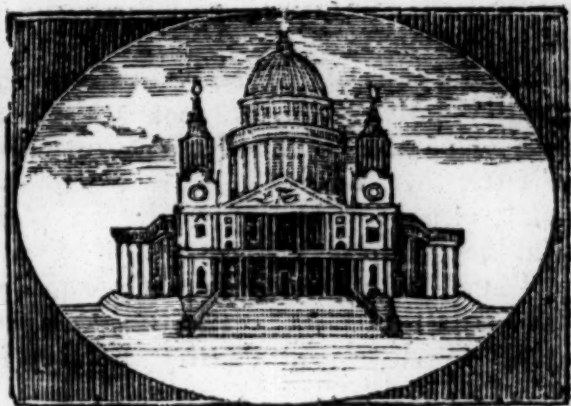
C H A P. XIV.

*A Journey to London,—happy Meeting,—
and a Journey back again.*

THUS *Hymen* having compleated his business, and all parties made happy, *Mrs Bountiful* thought it would not be amiss to keep her promise with *Mrs Friendly*, of paying her a visit in *London*, as soon as the ceremony had taken place.

Accordingly every thing was prepared for the journey, and *Mrs Bountiful*, with her son and daughter, *Mr Goodchild*, and *Miss Harriot*, set out for the metropolis. Nothing material happened on the road, so that in a few days they arrived safely in the great city. This is a view too of *St Paul's Church*.

They



They were received with the greatest respect by Mr and Mrs *Friendly*. Mrs *Bountiful* and her old friend embraced each other in the most cordial manner, and tears of joy spoke the sensibility of their hearts.

Mr and Mrs *Friendly* were very earnest to have their guests stay all the winter, which Mrs *Bountiful* at last consented to, as she imagined it would be the last time she should be able to take so long a journey.

Miss *Harriot* and little *Patty* were constantly together, and their diversions were such as chiefly tended to their instruction.

How

How pleasant must it be to blend amusement with edification, and sprightliness with wisdom!

A short time after their return into the country, Mr *Bountiful* took a house as near as possible to his Mother's, in order to settle his dear *Fanny* more to his mind, and as their fortunes were plentiful he set up his coach.

Thus leaving our fair Orphan we have only to add, that she lived an example of virtue and charity, beloved by all who knew her.

F I N I S.



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